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TO THE

LOYAL Company of CITIZENS

MET AT

Merchant-Tailors Hall.

10 Aug. 1682.

THey're Met, they're Sat, and Loyal Cups go round,
And with their Cheers the well-built Walls rebound.
The *Trojans* thus rejoyc'd, when they to Groves,
From ſtormy Billowes had their firſt removes.
When Seven fat Bucks *Æneas* did impart
To *Ilions* Youth, and bid 'em all take Heart.
Since from black ſtormy Guſts and a rough Sea
That lately toſt, by Skilful Hands ſet free,
They there enjoy'd a ſweet Serenity.
Bring out the Bowl, methinks I hear 'em cry,
Which *Belus*, and all *Belus* Progeny
Was wont with Sacred Wine to th'brim to Crown,
And let it to Great *CHARLES* and his go down.
And in the interim let ſome lov'd Youth tell,
Fam'd as *Iopas*, while each ſtring does ſwell,
In Sacred Lore how His Great Father fell.
Then ſigh each Loyal Soul for's Maſter ſlain,
Then Cheerly cry, His Heirs we will maintain,
Succeſſively on the ſame Throne to Reign.
Thus doing, Loyal *LONDON* ne'r may want
The Charters had when ſhe was *Troynovant*.
Thus doing, this Auguſt and Solemn Treat,
Will make New *LONDON* as old *Carthage* great;
When true *Æneas* and his Faithful Band,
Queen *Dido*'s Royal Table entertain'd.

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